Dark Hollow

By Anna Katharine Green

Illustrations by C. D. Rhodes

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CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

He was pointing again, but in a very different direction now. As her anxious eye sought the place he indicated, her face flushed crimson with evanescent joy. Just where the open ground of the gully melted again into the forest, the figure of a man could be seen moving very quickly. In another moment it had disappeared amid the foliage.

"Straight for the station," announced Mr. Sloan; and, taking out his watch, added quickly; "the train is not due for 15 minutes. He'll catch it."

"The train south?"

"Yes, and the train north. They pass here."

Mr. Black turned a startled eye upon the guide. But Reuther's face was still alight. She felt very happy. Their journey had not been for naught. He would have six hours' start of his pursuers; he would be that much sooner in Shelby; he would hear the accusation against him and refute it before she saw him again.

But Mr. Black's thoughts were less pleasing than hers. He had never had more than a passing hope of Oliver's innocence, and now he had none at all. The young man had fled, not in response to his father's telegram, but under the impulse of his own fears. They would not find him in Shelby when they returned. They might never find him anywhere again. A pretty story to carry back to the judge.

As he dwelt upon this thought his reflections grew more and more gloomy, and he had little to say till he reached the turn where the two men still awaited them.

In the encounter which followed no attempt was made by either party to disguise the nature of the business which thus had brought them together. The man whom Mr. Black took to be a Shelby detective nodded as they met and remarked, with a quick glance at Reuther:

"So you've come without him! I'm sorry for that. I was in hopes that I might be spared the long ride up the mountain."

Mr. Black limited his answer to one of his sour smiles.

"Whose horse is this?" came in peremptory demand from the other man, with a nod toward the animal which could now be seen idly grazing by the wayside. "And how came it on the road alone?"

"We can only give you these facts," rejoined the lawyer. "It came from Tempest lodge. It started out ahead of us with the gentleman we had gone to visit on its back. We did not pass the gentleman on the road, and if he has not passed you he must have left the road somewhere on foot. He did not go back to the lodge."

"Mr. Black—"

"I am telling you the absolute truth. Make what you will of it. His father desires him home, and sent a message. This message this young lady undertook to deliver, and she did deliver it, with the consequences I have mentioned. If you doubt me take your ride. It is not an easy one, and the only man remaining at the lodge is deaf as a post."

"Mr. Black has told the whole story," averred the guide.

They looked at Reuther.

"I have nothing to add," said she. "I have been terrified lest the gentleman you wish to see was thrown from the horse's back over the precipice. But perhaps he found some way of getting down on foot. He is a very strong and daring man."

"The tree!" ejaculated the detective's companion. He was from a neighboring locality and remembered this one natural ladder up the side of the gully.

"Yes, the tree," acknowledged Mr. Sloan. "That, or a fall. Let us hope it was not a fall."

As he ceased a long screech from an approaching locomotive woke up the echoes of the forest. It was answered by another from the opposite direction. Both trains were on time. The relief felt by Reuther could not be concealed. The detective noticed it.

"I'm wasting time here," said he. "Excuse me, Mr. Black, if I push on ahead of you. If we don't meet at the station, we shall meet in Shelby."

Mr. Black's mouth twisted grimly. He had no doubt of the latter fact.

Next minute they were all cantering in the one direction, the detective very much in the advance.

"Let me go with you to the station," entreated Reuther, as Mr. Black held up his arms to lift her from her horse at the door of the hotel.

But his refusal was peremptory. "I'll be back in just five minutes," said he. And without waiting for a second pleading look, he lifted her gently off and carried her in.

When he returned, as he did in the time specified, he had but one word for her.

"Gone," said he.

"Thank God!" she murmured with a smile.

Not having a smile to add to hers, the lawyer withdrew.

Oliver was gone—but gone north.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Curtain Lifted.

It was dark when Mr. Black came into Shelby, and darker still when he rang the bell of Judge Ostrander's house. But it was not late, and his agitation had but few minutes in which to grow, before the gate swung wide and he felt her hand in his.

She was expecting him. There was no necessity for preliminaries, and he could ask at once for the judge and whether he was strong enough to bear disappointment.

Deborah's answer was disconcerting.

"I've not seen him. He admits nobody. When I enter the library, he retreats to his bedroom. I have not even been allowed to hand him his letters. I put them on his tray when I carry in his meals."

"I am afraid he never will hear from Oliver. The boy gave us the slip in the most remarkable manner. I will tell you when we get inside."

When she had heard him through, she looked about the room they were in, with a lingering, abstracted gaze

He Was Pointing Again but in a Different Direction Now.

he hardly understood till he saw it fall with an indescribable aspect of sorrow upon a picture which had lately been found and rehung upon the wall. It was a portrait of Oliver's mother.

"I am disappointed," she murmured in bitter reflection to herself. "I did not expect Oliver to clear himself, but I did expect him to face his accusers if only for his father's sake. What am I to say now to the judge?"

"Nothing tonight. In the morning we will talk the whole subject over. I must first explain myself to Andrews, and, if possible, learn his intentions; then I shall know better what to advise."

"Did the officer you met on your return from Tempest lodge follow you to Shelby?"

"I have not seen him."

"That is bad. He followed Oliver."

"It was to be expected."

"Oliver is in Canada?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Which means—"

"Delay, then extradition. It's that fellow Flannagan who has brought this upon us. The wretch knows something which forbids us to hope."

"Alas, yes." And a silence followed, during which such entire stillness rested upon the house that a similar thought rose in both minds. Could it be that under this same roof, and only separated from them by a partition, there brooded another human being helplessly awaiting a message which would never come, and listening, but how vainly, for the step and voice for which he hungered, though they were the prelude to further shame and the signal for coming punishment.

So strong was this thought in both their minds, that the shadow deepened upon both faces, as though a presence had passed between them; and when Mr. Black rose, as he very soon did, it was with an evident dread of leaving her alone with this thought.

They were lingering yet in the hall, the good night faltering on their lips, when suddenly their eyes flashed together in mutual question, and Deborah bent her ear toward the street.

An automobile was slowing up—stopping—stopping before the gates! Deborah turned and looked at Mr. Black. Then the bell rang. Never had it sounded so shrill and penetrating. Never had it rung quite such a summons through this desolate house. Recoiling, she made a motion of entreaty.

"Go," she whispered. "Open! I cannot."

Quickly he obeyed. She heard him pass out and down the walk, and through the first gate. Then there came a silence, followed by the opening of the second gate. Then, a sound like smothered greetings, followed by quickly advancing steps and a voice she knew:

"How is my father? Is he well? I cannot enter till I know."

It was Oliver!—come from some distant station, or from some other line which he had believed unwatched. Tumultuous as her thoughts were, she dared not indulge in them for a moment, or give way to gratitude or any other emotion. There were words to be said—words which must be uttered on the instant and with as much imperiousness as his own.

Throwing the door wide, she called down the steps:

"Yes, he is well. Come in, Mr. Ostrander, and you, too, Mr. Black. Instructions have been given me by the judge, which I must deliver at once. He expects you, Oliver," she went on, as the two men stepped in. "He bade me say to you immediately upon your entrance that much as he would like to be on hand to greet you, he cannot see you tonight. For tonight at least, and up to a certain hour tomorrow, you are to keep your own counsel. When certain persons whose names he has given me can be gotten together in this house, he will join you, giving you your first meeting in the presence of others. Afterwards he will see you alone. If these plans distress you—if you find the delay hard, I am to say that it is even harder for him that it can be for you. But circumstances compel him to act thus and he expects you to understand and be patient."

Young Ostrander bowed.

"I have no doubt of the facts," he assured her, with an unsuccessful effort to keep his trouble out of his voice. "But as my father allows me some explanation, I shall be very glad to hear what has happened here to occasion my imperative recall."

Mr. Black glanced at Deborah, who was slipping away. When they found themselves alone together, Oliver's manner altered.

"One moment," said he, before Mr Black could speak. "I should like to ask you first of all, if Miss Scoville is better. When I left you both so suddenly at Tempest Lodge, she was not well. I—"

"She is quite recovered, Mr. Ostrander."

Involuntarily their glances met in a question which perhaps neither desired to have answered. Then Oliver remarked quite simply:

"My haste seemed warranted by my father's message. Five minutes—one minute even is of great importance when you have but fifteen in which to catch a train."

"And by such a route!"

"You know my route." A short laugh escaped him. "I feared delay—possibly the interference—but why discuss these unimportant matters! But your reason for these hasty summons—that is what I am ready now to hear." And he sat down, but in such a way as to throw his face very much into the shadow.

This was a welcome circumstance to the lawyer. His task promised to be hard enough at the best. Black night had not offered too dark a screen between him and the man thus suddenly called upon to face suspicions the very shadow of which is enough to destroy a life. The hardy lawyer shrunk from uttering the words which would make the gulf imaginatively opening between them a real, if not impassable one. Something about the young man appealed to him—something apart from his relationship to the judge—something inherent in himself. Perhaps it was the misery he betrayed. Perhaps it was the memory of Reuther's faith in him and how that faith must suffer when she saw him next. Instantaneous reflections, but epoch making in a mind like his. Alanson Black had never hesitated before in the face of any duty, and it robbed him of confidence. But he gave no proof of this in voice or manner, as pacing the floor in alternate approach and retreat, he finally addressed the motionless figure he could no longer ignore.

"You want to know what has happened here? If you mean lately, I shall have to explain that anything which has lately occurred to distress your father or make your presence here desirable has its birth in events which date back to days when this was your home and the bond between yourself and father the usual and natural one."

Silence in that shadowy corner! But this the speaker had expected, and must have exacted even if Oliver had shown the least intention of speaking.

"A man was killed here in the old days—pardon me if I am too abrupt—and another man was executed for this crime. You were a boy—but you must remember."

He paused. One must breathe between the blows he inflicts, even if one is a lawyer.

"That was twelve years ago. Not so long a time as has elapsed since you met a waif of the streets and chastised him for some petty annoyance. But both events, the great and the little, have been well remembered here in Shelby; and when Mrs. Scoville came amongst us a month or so ago, with her late but substantial proofs of her husband's innocence in the matter of Etheridge's death, there came to her aid a man, who not only remembered the beating he had received as a child, but certain facts which led him to denounce by name, the party destined to bear at this late day the onus of the crime heretofore ascribed to Scoville. That name he wrote on bridges and walls; and one day, when your father left the courthouse a mob followed him, shouting loud words which I will not repeat, but which you must understand were such as must be met and answered when the man so assailed is Judge Ostrander. Have I said enough? If so, raise your hand and I will desist for tonight."

But no movement took place in the shadow cast by Oliver's figure on the wall before which Mr. Black had paused, and presently a voice was heard from where he sat, saying:

"You are too merciful. I do not want generalities but the naked truth. What did the men shout?"

"You have asked for a fact, and that I feel free to give you. They shouted, 'Where is Oliver, your guilty son, Oliver? You saved him at a poor man's expense, but we'll have him yet.' You asked me for the words, Mr. Ostrander."

"Yes." The pause was long, but the "Yes" came at last. Then another silence, and then this peremptory demand: "But we cannot stop here, Mr. Black. If I am to meet my father's wishes tomorrow, I must know the ground upon which I stand. What evidence lies back of these shouts? If you are my friend—and you have shown yourself to be such—you will tell me the whole story. I shall say nothing more."

Mr. Black was not walking now; he was standing stock-still and in the shadow also. And with this space and the double shadow between them. Alanson Black told Oliver Ostrander why the people had shouted: "We will have him yet."

When he had quite finished, he came into the light.

When he had quite finished he came into the light. He did not look in the direction he had avoided from the first, but his voice had a different note as he remarked:

"I am your father's friend, and I have promised to be yours. You may expect me here in the morning, as I am one of the few persons your father has asked to be present at your first interview. If after this interview you wish anything more from me you have only to signify it. I am blunt, but not unfeeling, Mr. Ostrander."

A slight lift of the hand, visible now in the shadow, and with a silent bow he left the room.

In the passage-way he met Deborah.

"Leave him to himself," said he. "Later, perhaps, you can do something for him."

But she found this quite impossible. Oliver would neither eat nor sleep. When the early morning light came, he was sitting there still.

* * * * * * *

Ten o'clock! and one of the five listed to be present had arrived—the rector of the church which the Ostranders had formerly attended.

He was ushered into the parlor by Deborah, where he found himself received not by the judge in whose name he had been invited, but by Mr. Black, the lawyer, who tendered him a simple good morning and pointed out a chair.

There was another person in the room—a young man who stood in one of the windows, gazing abstractedly out at the line of gloomy fence rising between him and the street. He had not turned at the rector's approach, and the latter had failed to recognize him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LATEST IN COIFFURES

DECREES CHANGE IN PARTING OF THE HAIR.

Calls for Considerable Skill in Arrangement—Open Psyche Knot Is General—Tresses Must Be Neat in the Back.

A fashion that has been shelved is the parting of the hair in front or at the side, although there is a definite line of carrying the hair from left to right, or right to left. That is the difference between the coiffure of 1880 and today. Sleek as the hair is, it goes across the head sideways, especially in the back, where it is drawn up into a French twist that has all been pinned flat and straightened out, so that there will be no bulge in the smooth line of the head.

There is no fashion against the outlining of this flat French twist by a long ornamental comb, but that is only possible in the evening, and many fashionable women prefer to do without it.

There is great skill in the way the hair is brushed across the head and twisted into flatness and it is this style of coiffure which is the most difficult for a woman to arrange herself. It is better done when the hair is slightly marcelled, to give it body. This is not possible if a woman has heavy long hair, which so many Americans possess. If she waves it, she also thickens it and is compelled to work out something original with the long ends.

As she must dispose of these leftovers in some fashion, the law allows her to roll them into an open Psyche knot on top of the head. In the evening she can catch this knot down with two small ornamental pins, preferably of jet, and in the daytime the small turban will fit neatly over the knot.

Tunic Is of Black Tulle Over Satin; Wide Girdle of Jet and Turquoise.

The one law that must not be broken in the coiffure of the day is the straight, clean line upward from the nape of the neck to the lower edge of the crown. Short hairs are apt to make this line broken and uneven, and as the barrette is not fashionable, the twisting sideways of the hair must begin first there, and the loose hairs are held into place by invisible pins, or two small pins of shell in the color of the hair.

A woman will find that by lapping one side of the hair well over on the other, and pinning it down, she will have less trouble with all uneven locks.

Above all she must not let the hair sag over its line of growth. No matter what law she breaks with the front of her hair, she must keep it straight and neat in the back.

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MADE PRETTY WITH RIBBON

Waist of Sand-Colored Net Effectively Adorned—Design for Panama-Pacific Exposition.

A waist of sand-colored net has a high collar, long sleeves and plain center front with a ruffle of the net side plaited down the edge. Over this is a short bolero of faille ribbon twelve inches wide of fancy stripes, the stripes matching at the shoulder and underarm seams, the seams running diagonally from under the arm toward the front. The edges of the bolero are stitched to the net. Points of the ribbon edged with the net plaiting are used to edge the seams and cuffs. Velours tinsel, broche, striped or printed ribbon could be used for such a bolero.

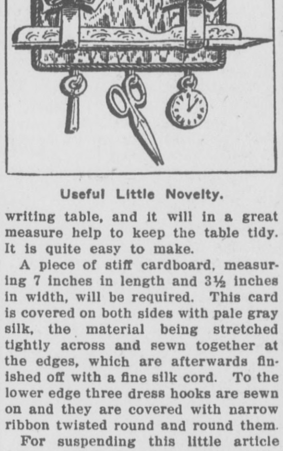
Sweet grass circles are put in the bottom of ribbon bags, which are made in every shape and size of one, two or three different kinds of ribbon. They are fulled at the top with a silk cord or ribbon hanger. Bags made of ribbon are covered with gold net.

A special ribbon has been originated in honor of the Panama-Pacific exposition. It is a wonderful piece of weaving, with the design of a beautiful bouquet formed of flowers adopted by different states of the Union possessing a state flower. The design required over five thousand jacquard cards, which means the number of times the twenty-six shuttles travel across each wrap, the required number for this design. It will be an interesting and educational study to see all the state flowers at once and to learn which is which. The design of the flowers is perfect.

HELPS TO KEEP TABLE TIDY

All Manner of Small Utensils May Be Kept in Little Article That Is Quite Easy to Make.

Our sketch shows a useful little novelty for hanging up by the side of the writing table, and it will in a great measure help to keep the table tidy. It is quite easy to make.



Useful Little Novelty.

A piece of stiff cardboard, measuring 7 inches in length and 3½ inches in width, will be required. This card is covered on both sides with pale gray silk, the material being stretched tightly across and sewn together at the edges, which are afterwards finished off with a fine silk cord. To the lower edge three dress hooks are sewn on and they are covered with narrow ribbon twisted round and round them.

For suspending this little article from a nail in the wall, a loop of ribbon with a smart rosette bow at the top is sewn on at the back. In front there are two small loops of ribbon with bows above them, into which paper-knife, pens, pencils, etc., may be slipped and held in position in the manner shown. The hooks underneath will be found very useful in many ways, and possibly the key of the clock, a small pair of scissors and a watch may be hung upon them.

DAINTY AFTERNOON DRESS

A Beer Model of Gray Taffeta With a White Pique Vest, Full Ruffled Skirt and Organdie Guimpe. The Parasol Is a Gray Silk Canopy Shape With Plaited Edging and Black Handle.

The V-Shaped Neck.

The V-shaped neck line is still in evidence. It is, when everything else is left out of consideration, probably the most becoming neck line there is—some of the great designers to the contrary. To be sure, as they contend, it does cut the figure, but what line doesn't, unless it be the line of neck affected by Mother Eve herself? And the V-shaped line is graceful and soft, and still persists even in some of the last frocks that were sent from Paris.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Acting Director of Sunday School Course, The Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, Ill.)

LESSON FOR MAY 9

FRIENDSHIP OF DAVID AND JONATHAN.

LESSON TEXT—I Samuel 20:32-42.

GOLDEN TEXT—A friend loveth at all times.—Prov. 17:17.

There is perhaps no narrative in all history or literature which so perfectly illustrates the conditions of friendship as this which is before us. Jonathan was every inch a man; affectionate, sweet and tender, deeply pious and withal loyal to both duty and friends. His rights, as the king's son, he gladly set aside for David, whom he "loved as his own soul" (ch. 18:3; 20:17). Jonathan is a great type of the surrendered life (ch. 23:17).

I. David's Danger, vv. 32-35. Three times in the previous chapter (vv. 5, 14, 30) we read that David "behaved himself wisely." "Saul eyed David" (v. 19) and his jealous anger grew as he gave vent to his hate. Jonathan's desires for David drew the anger of Saul (20:30), but it only put him more upon his guard and made him more determined, if possible, to save both David and Saul.

Following David's escape (18:18) he consulted Jonathan regarding his safety (20.1-10). They renewed their covenant and swore fealty to each other and to those of their households (vv. 11-17). It is a standing rebuke that Christians treat so lightly their covenants with the church and with the world. David was safe at Naioth (19:18-24), for each company sent after him, and Saul himself, were hindered by the Spirit of Jehavah from carrying out Saul's foul designs. This seemed for the moment to humble Saul (20:1; Ps. 97:1). Jonathan, though great and mighty, was not strong enough to deliver his friend from the renewed wrath of his father. "Vain is the help of man." "Our help is in the Lord." Jonathan showed his true friendship in that he told the exact state of affairs to David (v. 10).

When Saul became convinced that Jonathan was taking David's part, he tried to kill Jonathan and reviled the mother who bore him (v. 30). In his loss of self-control Saul allowed David to escape. Even so, sin overshoots its mark. The contrast is a dark one to contemplate. When God was with Saul (10:7), when the Spirit of God was upon him (11:6), he did battle for God and was humble, brave, generous and obedient to God. But his bright beginning ends in an eclipse, the commencement of which was his rejection of the word of the Lord (15.23).

II. David Delivered, vv. 35-42. Jonathan did not revile again (v. 34) when insulted and assailed by his father, and his manifestation of just anger (for his mother was reviled) was quite different from that of his father. Any attempt to reconcile Saul to David (v. 34) was a useless exposure to danger and for Jonathan to be seen with his friend would imperil his own life. This explains the expedient of shooting arrows in the field. Jonathan shot his arrows "beyond," i. e., David must go "beyond" and out of the reach of Saul. David trusted Jonathan's fidelity (v. 23) when the test came, though Jonathan might have good reason for playing him false in order to promote his own interests.

How many of us, like Jonathan's lad, unconsciously bear tidings of mighty import, messages of life or of condemnation, as we go about the discharge of our daily duties.

Dismissing the boy, Jonathan drew near to David's hiding place, to the south of the stone Ezel (v. 41 R. V.), where a most touching parting took place between these two friends. First of all David bowed ceremoniously three times, touching his head to the ground, perhaps to show his unshaken loyalty to Jonathan as the king's son. This was but for a moment; as men of the East and friends, they rushed to each other's arms and wept for a long time. These were the manly tears of two brave men not afraid to show their love and emotions. It has been suggested that Jonathan should have accompanied David as God's elect (Heb. 13:13), but we feel that duty bade him to remain by the side of his sin-stricken father. Only once subsequently, and that briefly (23:15-18), did these two meet. Jonathan's violent and untimely death drew from David one of the most touching and yet beautiful laments to be found in literature, sacred or otherwise (II Sam. 1:17-27).

The Lessons of the Lesson. True friendship costs. God's love gave to the world his Son. Jonathan's friendship for David was costly, but was given gladly, not grudgingly. True friendship neither forgets duty nor neglects its desire towards the object of its love. It is not governed emotionally, yet it disregards all other ties, if they are wrong. Not even a father or mother should lead us to wrong a friend. When David came into power he remembered the everlasting covenant made with Jonathan (II Sam. 9:3). Our "Son of David" has made a similar covenant with us (Acts 16:31; 2:39). True friendship is of slow growth, but is not easily killed, chilled by reverses, nor frozen by adversity (Prov. 18:24). True friendship is unselfish. It gives and does not seek. Jesus called his apostles friends (John 15:15), for a true friend will give up even his life for those he loves. True friendship is not conventional, performing the merely perfunctory daily duties of man to man. True friendship demands a great soul. Jonathan had an exceedingly great soul and one of the greatest titles possessed by our Lord is "the friend of sinners."

True friendship is founded upon religion and the best friend, the ideal friend, is Jesus Christ.

WHY DR. JAMESON LAUGHED

Really Amusing That Offended Individual Should Make Such a Complaint to Him.

Sir Leander Starr Jameson, still better known to thousands as "Doctor Jim," has been predicting a great change for the better in South Africa as a result of the stirring events that have been taking place there.

A good story is being told about the days when "Doctor Jim" was administrator of Rhodesia. One of the officials under him was a very pompous individual who rejoiced in a high-sounding double-barreled name. He was very much upset because his colleagues would ignore his real title and persist in dubbing him "Muggins."

At last he could stand it no longer, and went straight to his chief before whom he made a long and indignant complaint.

"I think you will find," said "Doctor Jim," "that you only get called this name when you are inclined to put on 'side'"

"Put on side'!" spluttered the other, now thoroughly angry. "I sincerely hope, sir, that you do not give countenance to people calling me by this unseemly name?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, my dear boy," replied "Doctor Jim," laughing genially, "I am afraid that I invented it myself!"

Swatting the Fly in Korea.

The Japanese administration of Korea has adopted a queer but very effective method of stamping out disease due to the common fly, says the London Globe. The Anglo-Saxon slogan of "Kill that fly" would probably not stimulate the imagination of a people which regards disease as inevitable, so the administration has hit on the idea of buying flies from the populace, and an illustration in the latest annual report on reforms and progress in Korea bears the enticing headline, "Purchasing flies from natives by government officials."

The report is, however, tantalizingly reticent on a matter of such human interest as the price per pound or by the thousand, and the nature of the local "swatters."

ONLY TRANSMITTED BY MILK

Man Cannot Get Foot-and-Mouth Disease by Eating Meat, Declares a Doctor.

That the foot-and-mouth disease cannot be transmitted to human beings by eating the flesh of diseased animals, but can be contracted by drinking unboiled milk or butter made from the milk of an infected cow, is the statement made by Dr. E. J. Danek of Chicago, who has studied the disease.

"The symptoms in man," he says, "are as follows: There is fever; this is usually low, but may reach as high as 104. It may be accompanied with a chill, loss of appetite, pain in muscles, back and head, with a cramplike pain in the abdomen. Nausea and vomiting are common. The primary seat of infection is the mouth. The disease when uncomplicated is mild. Its average duration is two weeks from the onset. Severe cases may last six to eight weeks

"This disease is transmissible to man through unboiled milk or butter and cheese and also directly from the saliva or contents of the vesicles of infected animals gaining entrance through abrasions of the skin. It is especially frequent in children and in those whose work brings them in contact with diseased cows. It appears that this disease cannot be transmitted by eating the flesh of infected animals."

One Tree Brings $100.

The government has received $99.40 in settlement for a single sugar pine tree which was cut in trespass in the Stanislaus national forest, in California, and which yielded more than enough actual lumber to build a good-sized suburban frame house. The tree scaled 18,933 board feet and was valued at $5.25 per thousand feet.

Not many trees contain enough lumber to build a two-foot board walk nearly two miles long, and this is believed to be the first case on record in which a single tree felled in a national forest was valued at almost $100 on the stump, although national forest timber is frequently sold at considerably higher rates

TO MAKE FLORAL BUTTONS

May Be Constructed to Harmonize With Any Part of the Costume to Be Worn.

Floral does not allude to the shape of the buttons, but to their color, which is chosen to harmonize with gown, blouse, coat or hat. Take fresh breadcrumbs and carefully grate them with a nutmeg grater into light flakes. To every four heaped teaspoonfuls of the flaked crumbs add a level teaspoonful of suitable sachet powder Rose sachet answers for buttons in dark red, rose pink and pale pink. Heliotrope sachet is used for various tones in that color.

A fixative is made from one heaping tablespoonful of white flour, into which has been mixed gradually and free from lumps one-half cupful of cold water. Let stand 24 hours in a warm place. When ready to use, mix carefully Add to the perfumed breadcrumbs enough fixative to make a paste stiff enough to be handled Now add a few drops of vegetable coloring and mix.

Cut the paste into the desired size for the buttons and mold into shape. Dip tiny beads into glue and pat into the button with the aid of a needle. Take some fine white covered hat wire, make a small loop and twist the two ends together to form a point to be inserted into the paste. Dip the point in glue and insert in the paste. Place the completed buttons in a box in a dry place for a week.

To Sew Buttons On.

To fashion buttons tightly begin to sew on the right side and sew back and forth several times before you begin to sew through the button The knot will be under the button and not on the wrong side, to be rubbed on in laundering In sewing buttons on coats sew over a match and wrap thread for a "shank."

Lots of Embroideries.

Lots of embroideries are going to be used now that the flounced and full skirted dresses have come in.

Celery is good for nervousness, being considered a nerve stimulant.

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MIDDLETOWN, DEL., MAY 8, 1915

YANKEE CUPIDITY!

LONDON, May 3.—In the matter of financial relief for Belgium, Great Britain has not done her duty, according to John Galeworthy, the author, in issuing an appeal for contributions on behalf of the newly organized British national committee for Belgium relief. After citing how Belgium stood to her guns, Mr. Galeworthy says:

"In return what is Great Britain doing—spending money and blood like water to drive the Germans out of Belgium? Yes, but let us be honest. We should have had to do that in any case for our own interest. We are not thereby discharging debts of gratitude, justice and humanity."

Mr. Galsworthy adds that it is true that England is harboring 200,000 Belgians, but that is not enough for her to do. Money, he says, has poured in from the United States, Canada and Australia for the Belgians, "but from ourselves there has been virtually nothing given."

As the funds of the American commission for Relief in Belgium are now failing fast, Mr. Galsworthy argues that it is for Great Britain to step into the breach.—*Ex.*

American gold, American food and clothing also bought with American gold, have fairly inundated poor starving Belgium, and many American men and women have in person gone to minister to this suffering nation, just as for a century like gifts have been pouring into every land from far away Cathay to the barren steppes of Russia, where an appeal has gone forth from the helpless victims of flood, plague and famine.

Despite these facts that disclose America's rich palm "as open as day to melting charity" we read in the English press frequent sneers at the Yankee love of the "almighty dollar!"

A few years ago, when 70,000,000 were starving in India, America sent millions of money to feed the land that since Lord Clive's conquest had poured "the treasures of Ormus and of Ind" into Britain's lap, but England herself was as stingy then to help her own India as now she is to requite the heroic Belgians who like a sea wall impregnable stood between her and the fatal Germanic flood.

The pious but money-loving queen Victoria with millions in her own prioy purse, and a barn full of the costly Paisley shawls given her by these same famishing East Indians, set the liberal pace by giving the measley pittance of $20,000, when rather than let the five millions die, who did die—5,000,000 think of it!—she should with her millions have saved these perishing subjects of hers.

O yes, the Yankees are money makers but they also "wear their hearts on their sleeves", which is more than the tight-fisted Englishmen can say.

We are likewise greeted with similar jibes from the German critics, meanwhile they are making orphans and widows wholesale, and we feeding and clothing them! America pouring wheat into starving Belgium, and German hordes shipping train loads of Belgian wheat out of Belgium into their own land! These rapacious foreign critics of ours had better move out of their glass houses before venturing to pelt their betters!

SPEED MANIA PERIL

WITHIN the past 30 days four bad automobile accidents have occurred within about two miles of Middletown—all but one doubtless due to speeding. Several persons have been injured—one, very seriously—and in each case tne wonder is that one or more were not killed outright.

Last year in the campaign against the reckless speed maniacs who make the public highways a peril to drivers of teams, to pedestrians and to careful automobilists, in one day out of many whose speed was observed, there was one whose speed over a measured course was shown by a stopwatch to be over 60 miles an hour, and the average speed of all observed, was a trifle over 36 miles an hour.

A few days later when the fact of this espionage had gotten pretty well noised abroad, the day's average had fallen to 24 miles!

There are scorching maniacs who are known to exceed the legal limits habitually, some of them tearing along the common highways at rates far beyond that attained by the railroad express.

If such violators of the law endangered or broke only their own necks, it would chiefly concern themselves, but they frequently imperil and sometimes even destroy, the lives of others, and besides, so terrorize the public highways as to exclude many persons, especially women and night riders, from their use altogether. Thus a few selfish, reckless individuals practically usurp to their own use the roads intended to serve all citizens.

This should not be, and if the law were enforced, it need not be. In New Jersey they put this gentry promptly behind the bars, and the effect is wholesome. Perhaps our State after a sufficient number of innocent victims have been offered up on the altar of the speed maniac's vanity, will also put the jail break on.

DELAWARE COLLEGE

A special feature of the Summer Session of 1914-15 will be the use of the Residence Hall of the Women's College as a dormitory. Professor Mary E. Rich of the Department of Education will act as Dean of Women for the Summer Session. She will take general charge of the dormitory and the social life there. Miss Sarah Churchman matron of the Women's College will remain for the Summer Session.

Residence Hall is airy and well lighted. The parlors are attractive and the Browsing Room is provided with well selected books for general reading. The kitchen and dining room equipment is modern and complete. The bedrooms, with the exception of a few single rooms, accommodate two persons each. Each student is asked to provide her own sheets, pillow cases, and towels clearly marked for convenience in the laundry. The laundry facilities are of the best and students may arrange to make use of them for their personal laundry if they wish to do so. The tennis and basket ball courts will be available for the Summer students. The charge of $5.00 per week covers the cost of room and board.

PRES. MITCHELL ATTENDS MEETING

President Mitchell of Delaware College attended the meeting of the American Academy of Political aud Social Science held at the University of Pennsylvania on April 30th and May 1. President Mitchell went as a delegate from Delaware appointed, among others by Governor Miller. This Academy, whose subject is the study of methods of social and political improvement, has for it president Professor Rome, who is to lecture at Delaware College on May 17th.

INVESTIGATIONS ON PEACH DISEASES

The Department of Plant Pathology of the Experiment Station has made a planting of one acre of peaches on the Station's grounds for the purpose of studying peach yellows, little peach, rosette, and similar diseases the causes of which are at present unknown. Yellows and little peach rosette are serious diseases in Delaware which are making heavy inroads into profitable peach growing. Some of the featured outlined for the investigation are;

1. Range of hosts other than the peach. There is some evidence that peach and other nut trees are subject to yellows. Plantings of nut trees have been included to test out this phase of the investigations.

2. The active factors in distribution:
   (2) Insects.
   (b) Pruning, picking, cultivation, cultural practices.
   (c) Meterological conditions.

3. The Causative organisms. Pathologists are strongly inclined to the theory that these diseases are caused by specific organisms, and that they will in time be cleared up by persistent investigations. These organisms have not been defined by staining or the microscope. Hence they are spoken of as ultra-miscroscopic. Their presence in certain solutions is beyond doubt, as such solutions readily cause infection. Dr. Manns is of the opinion that the growths in proper solutions may be demonstrated by optical changes produced in such solutions, which indicate the presence of a virus. With such solutions, free from plant and other residue, it seems more probable that the organism will yield to staining and microscopical demonstration. Investigations are to be conducted with this end in view.

4. Investigations looking toward control: Some recent work points to the possibility of control of plant disease by medication or feeding of the tree chemicals. The difference between the susceptibility of fruit trees to specific disease is believed to be due to specific differences in protective properties in the sap of the tree. By three medications it seems probable that these protective properties may be fed into the tree by the use of plant alkaloide and similar chemicals.

A variety test is being conducted looking toward resistance.

Passing of the Frost

An agricultural theory that has probably been in circulation as a Delaware farming maxim for more than a hundred years is that the twentieth of April marks the passing of the frost line. Occasionally, there have been frosty nights after the twentieth, but taking experience upon the average, the fruit buds that are alive on the twentieth day of April may be regarded as past the danger point, also the seeds that are ready for the blooming. By the same token the fickle spring season has arrived at a stepdiness and reliability of temperament that is suggestive of the good old summer time. A day like Sunday sets everybody dreaming of the good times just ahead. "When the bloom is on the clover and the blue is in the sky"—well there is not much longer to wait. It is just a little way ahead. Get out your old straw hat and have it furnished up, or else pick out a new one. We have crossed the frost line.

Prizes for Corn and Potatoes

Many farmers in different parts of the State have already registered for the prizes that have been offered by the State Board of Agriculture for growing corn and potatoes. The first prize will be a gold medal for the best acre of seed corn. The second prize will be $60 in cash for the acre giving the highest yield. There are also several prizes for corn and potatoes. The highest prize for potatoes will be $50 for the largest quantity grown on one acre.

Security Trust and SAFE DEPOSIT CO.

CAPITAL . . .	$ 600,000
SURPLUS & PROFITS .	775,000
DEPOSITS . . .	2,500,000

The successful couduct of your business depends largely upon your Trust Company connection what service you receive from the Company of your choice—whether it is courteous, obliging and personal. This is the kind of service we render to all our patrons in all our departments. We are sure you will be much pleased and find great advantage in having an account with us.

OFFICERS

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EACH DESIGN IS PRETTIER THAN THE LAST ONE

It only remains with you to decide the colors you want. Our carpets and rugs are famous for their beauty, because we buy only the richest patterns, and also take the greatest care to keep in stock only those goods that have proven their durability. Come in and see them. You are bound to be pleased.

J. H. EMERSON
Middletown, : Delaware

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Contracting
HOUSE PAINTER
Middletown, Delaware
Estimates Given. Your Work Solicited

NOTE—As a resident and tax-payer of Middletown, I feel that I am intitled to estimates on local work.
PHONE 117-3

All Work Guaranteed

Alabama Peach Trees

C. R. CLAYTON

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE

1915 MAY 1915

The Iron STEAMER CLIO
WILL LEAVE
Odessa and Port Penn for Philadelphia
AND RETURN FROM
Arch St. Wharf, Phila.
AS PER TIME TABLE

ODESSA

Monday,	3rd,	11 30 a m
Thursday,	6th,	2 00 p m
Monday,	10th,	5 00 p m
Thursday,	13th,	6 00 p m
Monday,	17th,	11 00 a m
Thursday,	20th,	no boat
Monday,	24th,	no boat
Thursday,	27th,	no boat
Monday,	31st,	11 00 a m

PHILADELPHIA

Tuesday,	4th,	11 00 a m
Friday,	7th,	12 30 p m
Tuesday,	11th,	2 30 a m
Friday,	14th,	4 00 p m
Tuesday,	18th,	no boat
Friday,	21st,	no boat
Tuesday,	25th,	no boat
Friday,	28th,	no boat

☞Steamer will leave Port Penn 1½ hours later than Odessa time.

☞Attention given to the Careful Handling and Prompt Delivery of all consignments.

☞For information in regard to Freights, apply to

F. B. WATKINS, Manager
Odessa, Delaware

WILLIAM W. ROSE, Purser

Singer Sewing Machines

I wish to imform the public that I have accepted the agency for the celebrated Singer Sewing Machines for this locality, and will be glad to show you the many good merrits of this machine at any time or place and explain, on reasonable terms. A large lot of machines constantly on hand.

B. F. Gallagher
Middletown, Del.

For——
NEAT and BEST
JOB WORK
Apply to This Office

Safety First

Use Paxson's Sanitary Sweeping Compound while sweeping.

It catches the GERMS as well as the DUST.

If your jobber or dealer does not have Paxson's Sanitary Sweeping Compound, then write us and we will see that you are supplied.

Manufactured by
PAXSON MANUFACTURING CO.
219 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Packed in barrels, 1-2 bbls. and tubs for use in stores, factories, theatres hotels, churches, schools, etc., and in 5, 10 and 25 cent packages for household use.

It cleans floors and brightens carpets leaving the rooms in a pure sanitary condition from the use of the disinfectant and deodorizer that it contains.

Ask your grocer to give you a package on the free trial proposition.

INSIST on having PAXSON'S SANITARY SWEEPING COMPOUND.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES.

OUR NAME is on all BARRELS and PACKAGES.

JOS. R. HELDMYER
Cash Store
Groceries

Eggs 17 and 21c, agents for Odessa Creamery Butter 39c, Acme Famous King Midas Bread, Chesapeake Baking Co. Pound, Marble, Fruit and Layer Cake.

Salt and Fresh Meats, especially a fine lot of home and city dressed meat at reduced price.

Vegetables, Foreign and Domestic Fruit in Season

Save your Tickets, get 2 per cent. off.

STORE, BROAD & MAIN STREET
PHONE NO. 223 MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

JAMES J. ROSS, President. WM. DENNY, Secretary and Treasurer
—INCORPORATED 1847—

Kent County Mutual Insurance Co.
Dover, Del.

Insure Property Against FIRE and LIGHTNING
BUSINESS CONDUCTED ON THE MUTUAL SYSTEM
Has Returned to its Policy-Holders in Dividends and Surrendered Policies over
$500,000.00
Present Membership Over Eight Thousand, With Over
$11,000,000.00 INSURANCE IN FORCE

AGENTS
WM. B. JESTER, Agent, Delaware City. D. B. MALONEY, Agent, Townsend.
AGENTS IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL TOWNS

The Better Sort of Store SERVICE

How much clothes value do you expect for $10

Not very much because you have always received so little

But now at this store you'll find that a ten dollar bill has an unusual buying power

To the man that feels himself limited to $10 for his clothes and to the man who pays up to $15 for his suit, we say, come here. Investigate our clothes at $10. We have no magic power to get our clothes for nothing or to turn $10 clothes into $15 clothes, but we do exercise good buying sense in placing our orders and do crowd more value into our $10 clothes, because our idea is to do a large business on a small margin of profit. That means that the clothes that most stores sell at $12 and $15, are actually sold here at $10.

We don't care whether you take our word for it, or not, we do want you to see for yourself. We think you'll be convinced.

The store where the almighty dollar does more than its regular duty.

THE principles upon which this store has reared and nourished, which have given it its stature and sound construction are straight forward dealing, fairest and lowest prices, best goods, and a civil and obliging store service, backed by alert, enterprising and intelligent direction and management. It is just such a store service that you would plan for yourself if you were planning this store.

And so we desire to have you call this store, your store—whatever faults you see, we will appreciate it if you will tell us—whatever pleases you, your commendation will be most welcome. So we hope to have you work with us to make this store the store where you will always feel at home.

Character proclaims the man—and the store. As in a man, so in a store—worth depends upon character. Growth is a sign manual of health. The essence of commercial health is fair dealing.

This includes a wide area of activity. To serve our every customer in a fair and satisfactory manner is our desire. You will find us ever ready and willing to do our utmost to satisfy you.

TIDY NEW SHIRTS

We are pleased with the general liking that men show for our shirts. They buy 'em liberally, enthusiastically and come back for more when they need them.

A world of new patterns to choose from—every one selected with care and with a desire to please your own fancy.

Prices 50c to $3.50.

Now for New Low-Cuts

Step into a pair of these stylish new oxfords we are showing and they'll give you a feeling of comfort from the very start.

Some clever lasts at $2.50, $4.00 pair.

Distinctive Hats for Men

This is a season of distinctive shapes and of course we are showing the very latest ones. A shape for every face is here.

Let us be your hatter $1.50 to $3.00.

The Globe Clothing Store, Middletown, Delaware.

CURRENT PRICES

MIDDLETOWN GRAIN MARKET

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY S. B. FOARD.

Wheat—No. 2	$1 57	Corn—	
No. 1		Yellow, shelled	78
Timothy Seed		" cob....	75
Clover Seed		Oats	70

MIDDLETOWN PRODUCE MARKET

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY W. T. CONNELLEE

Eggs, per doz..............................	17@21
Country Butter, per lb..................	32@38
Creamery Butter, per lb..............	42
Lard, per lb..................................	12@16
Live Chickens, per lb..................	12@16
Potatoes..................	30@40

MIDDLETOWN, DEL., MAY 8, 1915

[Continued From First Page]

CAESAR RODNEY'S RIDE

at Byfield.

VICTIM OF CANCER

Caesar Rodney, as has been said, was confined to his bed. He had a cancer which had attacked his face to such an extent that he was compelled to wear a veil that the fearfnl ravages of the disease might be at least partly concealed. It was because of this that he had never married.

McKean had calculated shrewdly and well. He figured that if Delaware's vote were cast for independence on the fourth, Pennsylvania and South Carolina might be induced to change their decisions. He determined on the expedient of sending for his supposedly dying colleague and found he had estimated at its true worth the patriotism and determination of Rodney.

As his messenger left the old State House to carry the news of seeming defeat to Rodney, he was told to arrange for relays of horses along the road, then known as "The King's Highway," that Rodney might ride to Philadelphia, if possible. McKean's orders were carried out to the letter. His messenger reached Rodney's farm and told the disfigured delegate of the happenings at the State House. He told him all he knew of the meetings which had been held for three days, and explained that the Tories were again arming themselves.

The heat of that morning was terrific. As the messenger urged the absent delegate to respond to the call of his colleague, a nurse, relatives and the family physician warned the statesman that the ride might cost him his life. The messenger explained that relays of horses had been provided as Rodney, sitting on the side of his bed, called for boots, clothes and spurs.

With his head wrapped in a veil, the patriotic Delawarean arose from his bed and set out for Philadelphia and the State House. So eager and determined was he that he quickly distanced the messenger, who had started with him on the homeward ride. Rodney rode alone through the heat of that morning. From time to time he changed horses and at each change men looked with horrow on the disfigured face of the man who acted as though half mad with haste. For his veil had become unfastened, although it partly held to his hat.

On the man rode. Women who caught sight of his face fled indoors. While Rodney was making his way to the State House, McKean and others were making speeches. They talked with the desperation that only the hope of their nation's freedom could give them. The hours wore on and McKean, thinking the battle had been lost went to the door. He looked over the sea of troubled faces about the building waiting as they had waited three days to know the decision of their delegates. He was about to re-enter the hall when his ears caught the sound of horse's hoofs.

Were the man his messenger or the Rodney he had sent for, McKean said in a letter written months later, he could not tell. Then Rodney emerged from the dust cloud and mounted the steps to the State House.

"Am I in time?" the almost exhausted man asked as McKean took his arm and assisted him into the building.

"In time, but no more," McKean replied as the door closed upon them.

With what was left of his strength Rodney entered the chamber and cast the deciding vote of Delaware for American independence. There was not a sound as the disfigured man placed Delaware on the side of those who were for declaring their independence at once. In letters still preserved it has been written that not a word was said for "seconds nay minutes," after the vote had been cast.

After the man from Delaware had taken his seat, Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina stepped forward and changed the vote of his colony. The Southerner was deeply moved as were all others who watched the birth of a nation in the next few minutes. Again the letters of those who afterwards spoke of the incidents of that day tell us there was no cheering. There was silence until a stormy scene began among the delegates from Pencsylvania.

Those Pennsylvania delegates who were opposed to the Declaration of Independence, left the building, and the patriotic faction with Benjamin Franklin at its head, promptly cast the colony's ballot for independence.

The terrible strain of the ride told severely on Rodney, but he rallied and lived not only to wear a Continental uniform but to receive a commission in Washington's Army. He died at his farm in his forty-sixth year.

Of all the signers of the Declaration of Independence Caesar Rodney is the only one of whom there is no picture. He was presented with a gold star by Congress as a recognition of his services to his country that memorable July morning so long ago, which star is today in the possession of a descendant, John C. Rodney, of Wilmington. This is the only honor ever conferred on the man who saved the Nation. His name is almost forgotten among the historians of the county, while outside of the states of Delaware and Pennsylvania, hardly a child knows the name of Caesar Rodney.

WANTED A VEILED PICTURE

If the name was known in his native state little was ever done to honor its memory. The late Thomas F. Bayard, of Delaware, United States Senator and Secretary of State, was one of those who held the opinion that a portrait showing the veiled face of Caesar Rodney would appeal strongly to the American people, but the picture never was made for the famous hall in this city.

In 1911, following the publishing of the poem to Caesar Rodney, Mrs. Deemer, a member of the Caesar Rodney Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, began a movement, which bids fair to succeed in at least slightly honoring the memory of the man who saved the nation and made the signing of the Declaration of Independence possible.

With the aid of Mrs. John M. Wilson, who with Mrs. Deemer lives in New New Castle, Del., the members of the Caesar Rodney Chapter, D. A. R. have had a tablet made setting forth the deeds of the man it is to honor and has requested permission to place it in Independence Hall.

The tablet in question has been designed twice, the first dot suiting Mrs. Deemer. That tablet showed Rodney in the uniform of a Continental soldier. This was later changed as the hero of the famous ride did not wear the uniform until after he had swung the undeciding delegates to the side of independence. The tablet ready to be placed in the hall shows a mounted horseman, dressed as a despatch bearer done in relief at the top of the tablet, while the lines below tell a little of the deed of valor he performed the morning of the day the United States was born.

Of all the descriptions of Caesar Rodney perhaps the best is that left by John Adams, who in one of his letters to his wife describes Rodney as very tall and excessively thin, which thinness was due to the malady which killed him. His head, according to Adams, was hardly larger than two good-sized apples, his manner gentle and kindly, although deeply impressive when he was aroused. He looked upon death cheerfully and walked with it always. His patriotism was of the highest quality and his statesmanship remarkable for its plain homely nature.

Although Mrs. Deemer of New Castle is justly proud of her ancestry there is still another reason why she is so anxious to honor the name of Caesar Rodney. The old homestead which stands in almost the center of historic New Castle contains the only stretch of the old King's Highway over which Rodney rode that is still in the condition it was the morning of the famous ride. The stretch of road lies just in front of the house now more than a century old, where each day the flower hedged path is a daily reminder of the morning of July 4, 1776.

VEIL FLUTTERS IN WIND

The road over which the almost unknown patriot rode is not the only reminder of the day the nation was born to the people of New Castle. The present home of Mrs. Deemer marks one of the stations where Rodney stopped that morning so many years ago, and it was when he changed horses at this point that the veil he had tied about his face became unfastened, and from New Castle to Philadelphia fluttered in the wind, as if it were the pennant flying from some ugly vulture of the sea.

A few miles from the Deemer home Rodney crossed the Delaware after passing historical point after point, for New Castle is filled with landmarks of the earliest history of the Colonies. Just what course Rodney took when he entered Pennsylvania will never exactly be known. The old King's Highway" disappeared with one of the previous generations, and with its disappearance the name of Rodney went also.

Interesting as is the history regarding the famous ride of the man who saved the nation, his history following the signing of the Declaration of Independence is equally interesting, for Rodney did not die after his ride through the hot sun of July 4, 1776, but lived four years, serving his country under Washington and winning fame and honor in the ranks of the Continentals. He rose to the rank of Major before the sword of Lord Cornwallis was accepted and was in many of the councils when Washington asked his aides for advice.

The information about the ride of Rodney has been gathered by Mrs. Deemer after years of search, for history makes little mention of the man who turned the tide the day when delegates from every colony were about ready to decide to wait a few years before declaring their independence. Mrs. Deemer has gathered her information after tracing the personal correspondence of the great men who attended the meetings in the State House so long ago.

◆

Army Shoe Has Short Life

According to an exchange, the army shoe has a short life.

"Six weeks is found to be the life of an army shoe in the European war, and at this rate it is necessary that 71,000,000 pairs be supplied yearly," said Major Charles T. Cahill, of the academic staff of the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia Training School.

"Almost exact copies of the United States army shoe are being worn by soldiers in the European conflict," continued Major Cahill.

"Already American shoe manufacturers have shipped 5,000,000 pairs to the beligerent nation in the field, and it seems probable that more and larger orders will follow."

Major Cahill said the statistics is to the life of army shoes were gathered through expert investigators.

WEALTH OF LIFE INSURANCE

It is perfectly natural for a man to be interested in his own money. Especially is this so when the money is in the hands of another person, company, corporation, or society. But when an actuary of one of the big life insurance companies begins to tell you what is being done with your money, as one of the policy-holders, the figures and totals are so tremendous that they almost paralze the mental faculties.

Perhaps you never thought that the life insurance companies of this country are nothing more than large societies, acting as trustees for the people's money. It may not have occurred to you before that your money, combined with many other sums of many other people, has contributed largely to the financing of the railroads of the United States and other large enterprises.

If the assets of the thirty-seven life insurance companies which have been in business since 1877 were combined, the sum would be sufficiently large to buy up every national bank, pay the national debt, and leave considerably more than $5,000,000 besides.

Expressed in other terms, if, according to Biblical authority, Adam was born 4004 B. C. and had he had pennies placed before him, and had counted continuously, he would still have to count five hundred more years before he would reach the sum of the combined assets of the thirty-seven companies to which reference has been made.

And this has all been the people's money.

During the era of expansion in the life insurance business, that is to say in the period embraced from 1880 to 1905, the amount of insurance in force was multiplied seven times over, increasing from $1,500,000,000 to $10,500,000,000. While the assets of the companies increased in almost equal proportion from $420,000,000 to $2,560,000,000.

And this was and is your money. If not, it was and is the money of other people.

A compilation of the life insurance in force at the close of the year 1914 is an exhibit which almost challenges belief. The figures for last year's are: ordinary insurance, $17,465,975,853; industrial insurance, $4,125,077,816; making a grand total of $21,501,053,669. These totals, of course, do not include the business in fraternal or assessment societies

◆

SOMETIME WE'LL UNDERSTAND

(BY MAXWELL N. CORNELIUS)

Not now, but in the coming years,
It may be in the better land,
We'll read the meaning of our tears,
And there, sometime, we'll understand.

Then trust in God thro' all thy days,
Fear not, for He doth hold thy hand,
Tho' dark thy way, still sing and praise;
Sometime, sometime, we'll understand.

We'll catch the broken threads again,
And finish what we here began;
Heaven will the mysteries explain,
And then, Ah, then, we'll understand.

We'll know why clouds, instead of sun,
Were over many a cherished plan;
Why song has ceased when scarce begun,
'Tis there, sometime, we'll understand.

Why what we long for most of all
Eludes so oft our eager hand;
Why hopes are crushed and castles fall,
Up there, sometime, we'll understand.

God knows the way, He holds the key,
He guides us with unerring hand;
Sometime with tearless eyes we'll see;
Yes, there, up there, we'll understand.

THE WOMANLY WOMAN

Why is it that though women are taught that marriage is their mission in life any open effort on their part to fulfill that mission is met with sneers and ridicule? There is a theory that a truly "womanly" woman most modestly conceal any wish she may cherish to win the affections of a given man, but must sit at home until he seeks her out of his own accord. This is a theory entertained probably by most men, and a good many women at least affect to believe it; though as a matter of fact, the womanly woman of all others is the one who most actively exerts herself to gain her coveted prize. She spins her little web, inveigles the unsuspecting man into its mashes—innocently enough, oh, yes—and he is lost, though he fatuously believes that he went of his own free and accord. The fact that the most womanly of women, as they are commonly classed, may practically do the courting and never be charged with anything unmaidenly is set out with extreme cleverness in the latest novel by Henry Syndor Harrison, author of Queed. The "way of a maid" who has chosen marriage as a career and is a "home body" in capturing a husband has not been so well depicted in any recent novel. But as it was the fulfillment of her obvious destiny, why blame her or her kind for the exercise of their arts?

◆

JUSTICE TO BELGIUM FIRST

Pretty nearly every citizen of a neutral country will agree with the Belgian delegate to the International Congress of Women at the Hague who said: "There can be no peace without justice. The war must continue until the Belgians, wrongs have been righted. There must be no mediation except at the bar of justice."

Justice to the Belgians must be the foundation stone of all peace proposals. The invasion of Belgium without the slightest shadow of an excuse that any intelligent neutral can accept was a dastardly crime against treaty obligations, against international law, against humanity. Any nation of the Allies that should consent to peace that did not first of all restore Belgium to its own people would commit a crime almost as dastardly as that of the occupation.

This war, murderous, deliberately invoked, long prepared for, may have its silver lining, but only in case it shall lead to restriction of militarism and tend to produce permanent peace. But there can be no permanency without justice, and there can be no justice until the outrageous wrongs of Belgium are atoned for as nearly as possible.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Shoe Reparing

I have purchased a new electric machine for finishing my work, which enables me to torn out all work in the shortest possible time, and the finish is far surperior to hand-finished work.

L. FROMKIN
Kates' old stand, East Main St.
MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

A National Reach—Telephone

Straight and quick, to any point in the nation! You need only stretch out a hand to your Bell Telephone, lift the receiver and 70,000 points are at your call.

The greatest power ever given to the business world is yours to command for a few pennies a call. *And just now is the time to use it.* Spring goods are here; start a selling-by-telephone campaign! Get out in the nearby towns by Bell Telephone, and show your competitors a thing or two in *up-to-date* selling.

Use the Bell

OUR FURNITURE

is guaranteed to stand up with the coming years. It is not to be thrust aside when the journey of life is half over. Our furniture will see you though to the end. All the prevailing woods fashioned in exquisite taste into dainty and substantial works of art. Sets for every room and individual pieces as well. Spring Matting, Rugs, Linoleum.

W. J. WILSON, Middletown, Del.

Ladies' Summer Wear

NOT only the almanac, but the blooming woods and the singing birds, tell us Summer is nigh, and ladies are thinking about their soon-to-be-needed Summer Wear.

Fogel & Burstan can help them out with their choice selections of pretty Summer Dresses, Waists, Millinery, etc.—everything fresh from the manufacturer's hands—the newest styles, well made and laundried, smart designs that please on sight, while quality and fit are guaranteed.

Women's House Dresses

A lot of fine, strong Gingham House Dresses in attractive checks and stripes—tastefully trimmed, some with white embroidered collars and cuffs, others plain chambrary and embroidery, value really $1.25, Sale Price **$1.00.** Also these same House Dresses in extra sizes, materials, trimming, etc., as above, sizes 48, 50, 52, for **$1.00.**

Middy Blouses

Stunning new models that set off in handsome style everyone, from the school girl to the grown-ups. The galatea from which these Middy Blouses are made is soft, firm and finely woven beyond usual, and the designs represent the very latest ideas. These garments also, are worth more money but they too go for **$1.00.** But the "best of the wine for the last of the feast," so see—

Our Special House Dress

An attractive House Dress of striped gingham, fast colors, strong serviceable material—so finely made up it seems a tailor-made dress—neat and trim with apron and bib supported by shoulder straps, cuffs, pockets, belt and sailor collar and topped of with a jaunty sweeping cap caught up to one side with a pearl button. Every one seeing this really charming outfit expects to pay at least $1.50 for it, but it all goes, dress, apron, bib, cap, for only **98c.**

Silk and Cotton Waists

We also have some special Waists in Silk and Cotton for **98c.**

Fogel & Burstan Dept. Store
Middletown, Del.

The Delaware Farmer

A strictly practical Farm Paper dealing with local questions in farm practice. The paper that every farmer in Delaware should read. **Delaware's only Farm Paper.** Not a money making scheme, but a booster for the State.

A Special Reduced Sub. Offer

The Middletown Transcript (regular price) $1.00 per year
The Delaware Farmer - - - .50 per year
Total regular price - - - - $1.50
Our Special Reduced Price $1.25 per year

The Delaware Farmer is published by the Agricultural Club of Delaware College, Newark, Delaware.

SUNDAY EXCURSION
THE HEART OF THE NATION
WASHINGTON
SUNDAY, MAY 9
SPECIAL TRAIN LEAVES

		Fare			Fare			Fare
Selbyville	5.00am	$3.00	Milford	6.41am	$2.60	Brenford	8.09am	$2.15
Frankford	5.11am	2.95	Houston	6.51am	2.55	Clayton	8.17am	2.10
Dagsboro	5.20am	2.90				Blackbird	8.29am	2.05
Millsboro	5.30am	2.85	Harrington	7.10am	2.50	Townsend	8.35am	2.00
Stockley	5.40am	2.80	Felton	7.20am	2.45	Middletown	8.44am	2.00
			Viola	7.26am	2.40	Mt. Pleasant	9.55am	2.00
Georgetown	5.52am	2.75	Woodside	7.32am	2.35	Kirkwood	9.05am	2.00
Redden	6.10am	2.75	Wyoming	7.40am	2.30	Porter	9.20am	2.00
Ellendale	6.21am	2.70	Dover	7.50am	2.25			
Lincoln City	6.31am	2.65	Cheswold	8.02am	2.20			

Returning, Special Train will leave Washington 5.40pm

The Trip of a life-time. An education as well as a delight. An opportunity to see "The Heart of the Nation," a city of magnificent distances, unlike any other city in the country.

An Ideal Sunday Outing

See the New National Museum, Library of Congress, Capitol Building, Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington Monument, and Botanic Garden, all of which will be open on this date.

Tickets on sale beginning Friday, May 7. See Flyers. Consult Ticket Agents.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

SEEING LIFE with JOHN HENRY

by George V. Hobart

John Henry On the Rubes of New York

SAY! did you ever put on your things and go out hunting for an apartment on little old Manhattan Isle?

It's a Gentle Pastime—take it from Uncle Hank!

It's an exercise that brings into play all the historic unused muscles of the pocketbook.

As you grow more familiar with the Mysteries of the Game you see what a fatal mistake you made in not being born rich, and as your faltering feet take you from one Palatial Bungalow to another you berate the Destiny which failed to make you a hotel clerk in Sharon, Pa., or a soda water operator in Dawson, W. Va.

Peaches, having tired of hotel life, began to murmur incoherently from time to time about "a sweet little nest of our own."

A nest, indeed! I had a friend once who built a nest in an uptown apartment house and three months later a strange bird flew in and eloped with his wife. So nix on the nest.

Friend wife was insistent, however, so finally we set forth in quest of a haven of rest where we should no longer be at the mercy of tip-sodden waiters and money-mad bell hops.

Letting go of the life line, we swam out into the upper reaches of Broadway in search of a Renting Agency and were soon beyond hope of rescue.

Over there on our port bow loomed largely and fascinating entrance to Webb & Spider's, and like a million other flys we fell for it.

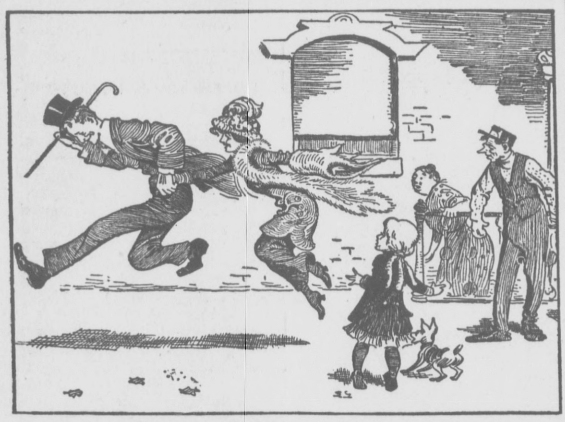
Assuming that air of languid indifference which is popularly supposed to indicate excessive moneyed interests, we gave the high sign to a gold-braided functionary at the entrance and eased ourselves into the silver-plated cavern where they take your measure for an apartment.

The Renting Agency of Webb & Spider was the velvet goods—take it from an eagle-eyed onlooker! Adorning the walls were paintings the like of which Rembrandt or Corot would have been proud of—if sufficiently intoxicated. Mahogany and plate glass did team work all over the shop and the soft murmur of thrush-throated typewriters gave an atmosphere of refinement befitting a place where money is painlessly extracted.

We were wading through a carpet with plush up to our ankles when suddenly appeared in our pathway one Sydney D'Brie, the lad with a map like a cow—the original, Brother of the Ox.

No doubt you know lots of people who always smile and look conscious when accused of having Bovine Eyes, but did you ever catch the fellow with a whole face like a cow?

Sydney D'Brie is the answer. Every time Syd looked at me I thought of the Beef Trust and shuddered.



"We Turned and Ran Like a Couple of Jack Rabbits on the Way Home to Dinner."

Syd was one of the ushers at our wedding and to this day I don't know why I ever let that human Hamburger steak be an usher. He couldn't ush for sour pickles. All he could do was to put his face where I could see it and let tired Nature do the rest.

And here he was again, dancing gleefully back into our lives and gibbering like a gink with an unbuttoned brain.

"Well, well!" Syd chortled. "Isn't this a surprise, though! John Henry and Peaches! HERE! Looking for an apartment, eh?"

"No, Syd," I came back, after shaking a limp mitt; "no, we were playing golf up Broadway and I happened to slice a ball through the ventilator; so we came in after it!"

Syd bellowed joyously: "Ha, ha! Same old John Henry! Gee I'm glad to see you. Want an apartment, don't you? How high you want to go?

"Not above the sixth floor," I answered.

"Oh, I don't mean that—how high?" Syd asked.

"Well, not above 110th Street," I ventured.

"You don't get me," Syd complained. "I mean the price—how high you want to go in price?"

"Oh!" I said; "something reasonable."

"How would $6,000 strike you?" Syd inquired.

"It would strike me below the belt," I told him. "I said we wanted something reasonable.

"Well," Syd chuckled, "six thousand a year is reasonable nowadays. We have apartments ranging all the way from $5,000 up to $30,000 a year."

"You may keep all with my compliments, Syd," I informed him. "What I'm looking for is a place to live in, not a hand-painted cabaret in which to entertain the Sheriff. I don't wish to pry loose any trade secrets, but tell me, Syd, how do you manage to rent an apartment when the formula is the same as buying an issue of City Bonds?"

"Cinch!" Syd gurgled brothily. "You can sell anything to the Rubes in New York."

"Rubes in New York!" Peaches and I echoed.

"Surest thing you know," Syd beefed on; "there are more Rubes in New York than in all the rural districts tied together. Who is it rides up town on the Subway in the evening with a strange man standing on each one of his insteps—the Rube! Who is it pays eight dollars for a pair of seats and enables the ticket speculator to pick up bargains in real estate—the Rube! Who is it pays sixty cents a dozen for cold storage eggs so the Grocer can send his family to a Sprudel Spa—the Rube! And who has boosted the price on apartments so high that only those with a private Mint can squeeze through the gilded portals—the Rube with the coin!"

Syd looked around cautiously to see if the Flat Wheel of the Concern was listening.

"Take it from me, John," he went on, "the Rube with a Bundle of Dough is the answer to a lot of questions right here in this price-laden burg. The High Cost of Living is due to the prevalence of Rubes who have the wherewithal to Live High at any old Cost."

Then Syd took a long breath and whispered: "We cater only to Rubes with the cush. There's enough of them cutting off coupons around New York to make $18,000 apartments possible. And what do they get for it—ha, ha!—silver-plated plumbing, gold buttons on the elevator boy and a lot of concealed laughter from the man who built the house. Do you honestly think, John, you could drape yourself around an apartment with sufficient energy to get $18,000 worth of enjoyment out of it in a year? Nix, old squills. You may be slightly bucolic in temperament, but you're no Rube; so take my tip and beat it from this district where every lighted window is a sign that money is burning furiously within."

I take back all I said about Syd D'Brie. He's a busy boy with the gab, but there's something in what he says. And if his face is like a cow it's an Ayrshire.

Bidding Syd an affectionate farewell we tip-toed out of the Rube's Retreat and went forth into the jungle alone.

Peaches soon discovered an assortment of sandstone and mortar which wagged its tail when you called Gladiolus Court; so we went in to take a look around.

"Gladiolus Court" was very select, the janitor told us. Then he showed us through a collection of five horse stalls on the sixth floor. When I asked him if he knew any place around there large enough to hold a table and two chairs he had a blowout in a perfectly good tire.

The janitor told us there were only three dark rooms and when I told him that three out of five took the record away from England, I thought he'd bite me.

Our next guess was a tall, blonde building with a fricassee of iron around the front of it.

It was called The Gushworth Arms by those who cared to mention it at all.

The janitor was made up to look like a sea lion, but he had the softest voice I ever heard. It sounded like the rattle of pulverized sugar falling in a bowl of oatmeal.

He offered us seven rooms and a bath on the fifth floor, but when we got up there somebody had mislaid three of the rooms and the bath, after hearing the janitor say so many times what he charged for the apartment, had shrunk to a foot tub; so we went sadly away from there.

Then with bowed heads and hearts from which hope was preparing to flee, we entered a conning tower through a stained glass porthole.

It was called The Belladonna—because it was good for sore eyes.

An abrupt person with a drooping mustache met us abaft the quarter deck and began to mention large sums of money commencing with $4,000 a year and going on up till he bit his tongue.

We merely swallowed our palates and fell back two paces to the rear.

When the abrupt person paused for a moment at "a duplex for $14,000 a year" we turned and ran like a couple of jack rabbits on the way home to dinner.

Two blocks away we fell under the spell of a shack called the Ipseydooza.

A Cuban refugee met us at the door and dared us to come in.

We were offered an apartment on the eleventh floor which had never been occupied. The reason was obvious. The walls were too close together. It might be a success as a place to press autumn leaves, but not as a place to live in unless the tenants went through life standing up. We therefore declined with thanks and walked out backward, having little faith in Cuban refugees.

Presently Peaches found a pippin. It was a gingerbread rookery with seven rooms and four landlords.

It was called The Pepsinetta and it looked the part.

There were sliding doors; hot and cold gas in every room, and the janitor had self-folding arms.

The outlook provided a superb view of the uncompleted Palisades, with blasting from 6 to 8 a. m. and malaria at all hours.

Peaches went dip about the dug-out, and to prove that her love was reciprocated the janitor pinched my gloves.

"How is the plumbing?" I asked.

"Better," answered the janitor; "in fact, it's almost convalescent."

I suppose he thought I was talking about his Aunt Jane and let it go at that.

Peaches took me by the arm and led me through the condensed catacombs, pointing out the scenery to me along the route.

"The Lad With a Map Like a Cow."

"This room," she said, trying to step into a dent in the wall, "we'll fix up as your den."

"It might make a good den for a squirrel," I squeaked. "Why, I couldn't growl in a den like that."

"Oh! there's plenty of room," she cooed.

"That's only because it hasn't been papered," I remarked, and just then the janitor came bubbling to the surface and led us to the dining room.

"How cute!" Peaches gurgled.

"It is cute," I agreed; "but it looks more like a mousetrap."

Anyway, the place pleased Peaches, so I was game to hang up my hat there if she was.

"How much?" I said to Charles Pepperface, the janitor.

"Three thousand," he answered without a tremor.

"What for?" I inquired blandly.

"For this apartment," he cross-countered.

"Three thousand dollars a year—each month in advance—no dogs—no children—no tango parties—no piano playing after 11 p. m.—you must deal with the grocer, butcher, laundry and haberdasher that I suggest, and no—"

I turned to look at Peaches. She was in the elevator, gasping for breath.

I joined her in the elevator and in the gasping.

We gasped all the way back to the hotel.

Maybe Syd D'Brie was right about that Rube proposition.

Peaches and I sat down by the window and with the roar of Broadway in our ears we closed our eyes and pictured a cozy cottage with its green shutters and ivy climbing up the porch; a bit of lawn where roses struggled with the honeysuckle for our admiration.

"Tush! the real Rube has all the best of it."

Surest thing you know!

Troublesome Cargo.

"An elephant's shoulder is never still" is a Hindu saying with reference to the restlessness of the animal. An Englishman tells how the elephant's passion for moving about once came near wrecking a ship.

A number of elephants were taken on board a vessel at Calcutta and the steamer went down the Hooghly river. At night it anchored off Sangor point. The sea was as still as oil, but the ship rolled so much that she was in danger of going over. The elephants had found that by swaying to and fro all together they could produce a pleasant rocking motion. As the ship had no other cargo and rode light the captain was much frightened. The mahouts, or keepers, were hurried down into hold, and each one, seated on his own beast, made him "break step," but they had to stay there for a long time.

Storing Coal in Water.

The advantage of storing coal under water where deterioration is much less than in the air, are appealing more and more strongly to engineers. It has been generally recognized that the gases concealed in the pores of the coal—oxygen in particular—are responsible for both heating and deterioration, and their escape should be prevented as far as possible. Coal immersed in water is practically sealed, and little oxidization takes place. Experiments have shown that coal kept under water for the space of three years lost less than 3 per cent in efficiency, while supplies stacked in the open often show a decrease in value of from 5 to 8 per cent in a single year. In tropical countries the decline is greater than in the temperate zones.

GOOD QUALITIES OF BUFF ORPINGTONS

First Prize Buff Orpington.

(By RUFAS DELAFIELD.)

Single-comb Buff Orpingtons recommend themselves to the earnest breeder as the best all-around fowl known. First let me begin with their great utility purposes, which are not widely known.

To the average breeder with a small plant I think that a full understanding of these qualities will greatly enhance the value of the Buff Orpingtons.

The Buff Orpington will lay from 165 to 175 eggs a season, and a record of 230 eggs a year has been made.

The Buff Orpington lays well in the coldest weather, a feature that makes a strong reason why this breed is the best to keep. Buff Orpington chicks grow to broiler size quickly, and if carefully cared for should weigh two pounds each at twelve weeks old. Soft roasters of six pounds weight will be ready for the market at the end of four and a half to five months, and mature roasters will reach an eight-pound weight.

The Buff Orpington capon has no equal. It will weigh 10 to 12 pounds, and the demand is always large and the price high.

Pullets will start to lay at four to four and one-half months of age, and are not stopped by sudden changes in weather.

It is generally known that the Buff Orpington is the only breed that will lay during molt, another strong reason why the Buff Orpington is the best and most profitable breed to own and maintain. As a showroom breed the Buff Orpingtons are always in favor. No exhibition is without a large display of them and the past season has shown this breed to be the largest classes.

Certainly no fowl is capable of more than this very popular breed. Easy to keep, fascinating to care for, responsive to particular attentions and a color that is beautiful make the single-comb Buff Orpington a much-sought-after bird, and very high prices for good specimens are not unusual. No one need fail in the poultry business if careful, intelligent, systematic and businesslike principles are applied to a flock of Buff Orpingtons.

It is a fairly easy matter for even the amateur to get a good hatch with any of the standard machines, but bringing off the hatch is only the beginning of the chicken business. Often with the best of care the chicks will begin to die apparently without cause, and in spite of all the "doctoring" will continue to do so until only a very small per cent will reach maturity.

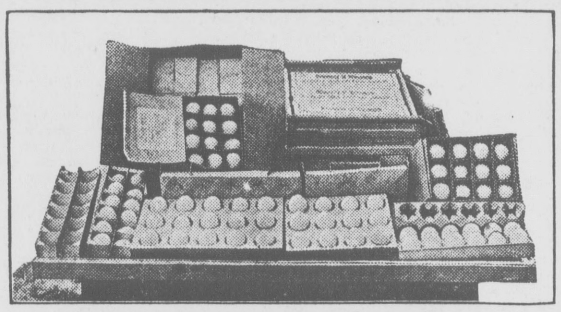
If we expect to raise the brood of incubator-hatched chicks we must begin by being sure that the eggs used for incubation are from strong, healthy parent stock of the type which will impart vigor and thrift to the offspring. When we have strong fertile eggs to put in the machine the next and greatest point is to operate the machine in the proper way. A regular heat must be maintained if we expect to hatch strong, healthy chicks and while a changing up-and-down heat may result in a fairly good hatch, the chicks will be of low vitality and easy to succumb to disease.

It is never safe to put eggs in the incubator until a steady heat has been kept for at least 24 hours, and it is foolish to attempt to operate an incubator in anything but a place suited for the purpose. It must be free from drafts and away from the fire as the thermometer will run up too high as soon as a fire is started in the room. The chick hatched with a low heat is almost sure to die before it is one month old.

Don't Dose Healthy Fowls.

It will never pay to dose a fowl in good health to keep it healthy.

WAYS FOR REDUCING SHIPPING LOSSES



Attractive Packages Which Also Help to Prevent Losses.

A short time ago a Wisconsin poultryman shipped 15 dozen eggs to a customer in Onondaga county, New York. Just one-half, or 100 of the eggs, were broken in transit, the loss being due to poor packing or careless handling. James G. Halpin of the Wisconsin college of agriculture makes the following suggestions to merchants and farmers who ship eggs:

Use only sound, strong, new cases and new lids. Fillers that have once been used may have their ears, as the little projections that keep the eggs from the sides of the box are called, bent or weakened, so that the egg may hit the box when it is jarred or moved.

Do not pack eggs which are already cracked in the case. Establish an inspection system in your candling and packing room, and see to it that the eggs are in perfect condition before the box is sealed.

Handle the cases carefully. See that the car is in good repair with the drain pipes clear. When water from the refrigerator stands in the car, it washes away the outer coating of the eggs, and allows air and bacteria to enter.

Brace the load in the car to prevent shifting. Never put a layer of cases on top of the load without bracing it in some way. If any brace looks frail, make it stronger. Take no chances with the shifting of the load in the car.

Tamp the straw hard between the cases and the car walls. When the straw is put in loosely, it soon becomes compressed into smaller space, giving the load room to shift and work loose from the bracing.

GOOD HOUSES FOR POULTRY

Site Providing Natural Drainage Is Desirable—Cement Floor Easily Kept Sanitary.

In order to get plenty of sunlight choose a southern or southeastern exposure.

If possible, make use of natural shelter against cold winds. Select the southern side of a hill, an orchard or buildings.

The houses must be dry. A site that provides natural drainage is desirable.

Fresh-air houses should always be used. Cold air, if dry, and without drafts, is conducive to hen health.

Floors may be earthen, board or cement. Earthen floors may be damp and are hard to clean. Board floors are best for portable houses. Cement floors are best for permanent houses and may easily be kept sanitary.

Walls should be cheap and durable, providing warmth. They should be about five feet high in the rear and from six feet to eight feet high at the front.

The best types of roofs are the A roof, shed or gable roof.

Prepared roofing material is better than shingles or tar paper.

All fixtures should be portable to permit of easy cleaning.

BURY DEAD CHICKEN DEEPLY

In Majority of Cases Fowl Dies Because of Disease—Get Carcass Out of Harm's Way.

Whenever a chicken dies bury it, and bury it deep. Occasionally an old campaigner or an exceptionally good breeder is allowed to stick around until it dies of old age, but in a majority of cases a bird dies because of some disease, and there is no better way on earth to spread disease through a flock than to let your fowls eat from the flesh of a bird that has succumbed to disease. Keep this fact in mind and you will save yourself a lot of trouble.

About ten square feet of floor space per pen is a fair average.

HOME TOWN HELPS

MOVE FOR HOME GARDENS

Widespread Idea to Interest Children of the Country in Economical Idea.

Any suggestion of introducing a wider military training among schools of this country is bound to meet with opposition. But one move which will be almost as useful in time of war is that being made by the United States bureau of education to make home-garden truck farmers of the 10,000,000 children who are now in public schools in the United States.

Of course, the relation of such a movement to war probably was far from the minds of those who have been fostering the movement. It already is being worked out in many cities. On the statement of Dr. G. D. Jarvis, the specialist in charge of the government's home-gardening survey, the relation this movement, if accomplished thoroughly, would bear to war is strikingly shown. Doctor Jarvis estimates that if half the 10,000,000 available school children were interested in the work the increase in food supplies would amount to $50,000,000 annually. This estimate is based upon the supposition that $10 is the average yield of a garden, though figures show that many such gardens can earn $25, $50 and even $100 yearly.

What such a food supply would mean to any European nation at this time can easily be imagined. If war called the young men from the farms of this nation, even for a brief time, these school gardens would be invaluable in supplying food to cities which otherwise might find themselves cut off from a ready supply.

Obviously the great benefit of the work undertaken by the bureau of education and its experts is planned for times of peace. But in a period when many peaceful movements are viewed from a war angle, this plan cannot escape the attention of those who believe preparedness is our best protection against foreign imbroglios.

HOMES FOR RURAL TEACHERS

Communities Are Waking Up to the Necessity of Providing Adequate Accommodations.

Teachers' cottages are one of the latest developments in education. They are rapidly passing out of the the experimental stage, however; the state of Washington has more than a hundred, and Texas is approaching that number. The plan has been devised as a result of the difficulty of providing living arrangements for teachers in rural sections. "Boarding round" is no longer popular with either teacher or neighborhood. Then there are certain advantages connected with the cottage. It gives a desirable permanency to the position, which is beneficial to the community as well as to the teacher; and when it is located near the schoolhouse it affords opportunity for work in domestic science. One county in Alabama has completed its sixth home for rural teachers. In one town the cottage was built by popular subscription, has six acres of land attached to it, and is occupied by the teacher at a nominal rental. In some of these cottages several teachers live together upon a basis of co-operative housekeeping. It is claimed for the cottage system by making rural life more attractive the lack of male teachers is being to some extent supplied.—New York Evening Post.

Gardens for School Children.

There is a strong economic truth at the bottom of the garden movement, and its value has been recognized long ago in European countries, which have brought about different forms of development. Austria established experimental gardens in its rural schools as far back as 1869. Switzerland, Germany and England have a garden course in their public schools, while France goes farther and maintains not only flower and vegetable gardens, but includes orchards, forestry and bee industry. The garden movement is of special significance in cities where large numbers of children are turned out on the streets to loiter, tease and maraud.

Perhaps the greatest value of school gardens is in teaching the child how to make a garden at home and encouraging it to do so. It is here that we are to attain the real value of instruction and make it pay. The child can materially reduce the cost of living by not only furnishing vegetables during the summer but the surplus can be stored for winter use. That this can be done is no longer a matter of conjecture, but many examples can be given in proof.—Mrs. Alex Caldwell, in Southern Woman's Magazine.

Tidy Farms.

If each farm in any community is clean, tidy and well kept, presenting a thrifty, homelike appearance, the whole neighborhood will be attractive to visitors and satisfying to residents. Local and county fair boards might create a very valuable farm improvement habit by offering a liberal prize for the best planned farm in a neighborhood or in a county.—New Castle Times.

Side Products.

Of course, if they force the condition on us, we can return to liver, corn dodgers and parched corn coffee. But if the packers are willing to be considerate we hope they will find a way to commercialize the grunt of the hog and the moo of the steers.—Houston Post.

Immune From Many Diseases.

Men attending the pans in salt works are generally supposed to be exempt from cholera, smallpox, scarlet fever and influenza.

Why send your money away for "bargain roofing" when you can get the best roofing at a reasonable price of your own local dealer whom you know?

Buy materials that last

Certain-teed Roofing

is guaranteed in writing 5 years for 1-ply, 10 years for 2-ply, and 15 years for 3-ply, and the responsibility of our big mills stands behind this guarantee. Its quality is the highest and its price the most reasonable.

General Roofing Manufacturing Co.

World's largest manufacturers of Roofing and Building Papers

New York City Boston Chicago Pittsburgh Philadelphia Atlanta Cleveland Detroit St. Louis Cincinnati Kansas City Minneapolis San Francisco Seattle London Hamburg Sydney

FOR PAINS AND ACHES THERE IS NOTHING SO GOOD AS YAGER'S LINIMENT

The Great External Remedy For RHEUMATISM NEURALGIA SPRAINS WOUNDS, &c.

Read This Testimony

"For 4 years I suffered with Rheumatism and had to walk on crutches. The doctors said my case was chronic and incurable. I tried Yager's Liniment. It is the best Liniment to relieve pain I ever used. It's action is prompt and effective."

JOHN ABERMAN, Clermont Mills, Md.

Large Bottle, 25c., at all dealers

GILBERT BROS. & CO., Inc., Mfrs., Baltimore, Md.

Off the Shelf.

"What a beautiful complexion Mrs. Mixer has!"

"She ought to. Her husband owns a drug store."

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

The Difference.

"Those two brothers represent the difference between romance and reality."

"How so?"

"When their father died and his will divided his money, one invested his inheritance in castles in Spain, while the other went to Milwaukee and bought a brewery."

Illiteracy in United States.

The figures of the federal bureau show a striking decrease in child illiteracy in this country for the last fifteen years. Only fifteen out of every one thousand children from ten to fourteen years in the United States are now unable to read and write. In 1900 the proportion was forty-two to the thousand.

Without Hurry.

Hurry is a great thief of time. It prevents the full and efficient use of the present moment. It steals from the present, for the sake of the future, because of some failure in the past. A great man is quoted as saying that he was too busy ever to be in a hurry. One who lived for some months in the home of a widely known Christian leader and prolific worker said that she had never known him to hurry except when someone else had caused the delay. And even in those cases there was no "hurried feeling." The efficient life in Christ may be lived without the strain of the wrong sort of haste. Our Lord himself often urged an eager and immediate "haste." But there was no sense of hurry in his life. Let us live in the present, though not for the present, using to the full, in hurry-free spirit, "the eternal now."

IN A SHADOW

Tea Drinker Feared Paralysis.

Steady use of either tea or coffee often produces alarming symptoms, as the poison (caffeine) contained in these beverages acts with more potency in some persons than in others.

"I was never a coffee drinker," writes an Ill. woman, "but a tea drinker. I was very nervous, had frequent spells of sick headache and heart trouble, and was subject at times to severe attacks of bilious colic.

"No end of sleepless nights—would have spells at night when my right side would get numb and tingle like a thousand needles were pricking my flesh. At times I could hardly put my tongue out of my mouth and my right eye and ear were affected.

"The doctors told me to quit using tea, but I thought I could not live without it—that it was my only stay. I had been a tea drinker for twenty-five years; was under the doctor's care for fifteen.

"About six months ago, I finally quit tea and commenced to drink Postum.

"I have never had one spell of sick-headaches since and only one light attack of bilious colic Have quit having those numb spells at night, sleep well and my heart is getting stronger all the time."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum comes in two forms:

Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly, 30c and 50c tins.

Both kinds are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.

[COMMUNICATED[

SHOULD MAKE IMPROVEMENTS

Middletown Transcript, Gentlemen:—Over three years ago the Pennsylvania railroad through their very polite Publicity Agent, Mr. Aydon, promised no end of transportation and other betterments for this neglected, shamefully mistreated town—and not an atom of it all has been done!

Let us refresh the railroad's memory about a few highly important things:—

Middletown is the biggest traffic point, freight and passenger combined, on the Peninsula south of Wilmington.

Yet, how meager, how mean are the business facilities and accommodations bestowed! A corner in an aged storehouse serves for a freight office, to reach which any business man must crowd himself in between two cars on a switch track at peril of being crushed without warning by some "flying switch" started 100 yards up the road!

A gentleman told the writer that one day as he stepped from the entrance to this freight "office" to cross this track—only a foot or so away—a car was shunted right in front of him, and had he taken but one step more he would nave been killed!

The railroad company have for years in defiance of common decency and regard for human life maintained, are yet maintaining, this murderous mantrap, just as for years they refused to mend the quagmire crossing that passengers waded through to reach the station platform; just as they refused to install a proper number of lights at the station, or to inclose and heat their open shed that was fittingly styled the "Pneumonia waiting shed"; just as for years they refused to keep a day watchman at this busy crossing, or put gates there, or to furnish a night watchman—until forced by law to do these things.

Then look at the shabby, ill-kept station building that gives Middletown "a black eye" to every stranger going up or down this Peninsula!

Inside, its dingy, dirt-streaked walls and ceilings look like the interior of some old barn, not even a few cents worth of calsomine will this appreciative railroad bestow to brighten a little the dismal prospect! The door of the ladies' waiting room is a masterpiece of dreary smear—perhaps, though, it is a bit of "imprsesionistic" graining.

Outside, things if possible, are worse. The dirty, faded paint, scaled off in spots; the brick work mortarless in the lower courses and covered with the exuded lime from the bricks till it looks as though some drunken whitewash artist had played at his job and left a dado four feet high of white smear!

Wisely the railroad has removed the name "Middletown" from the front of this shabby station. One day a stranger sticking his head out of the car asked a small boy, "Sonny, what's the name of this place, 'Waybackville' "?

I don't know any so shabby, run-down-at-the-heel station between Cape Charles and Wilmington as ours—and yet it is just pouring money into this greedy corporation's coffers. But the citizens here have not spirit enough to demand anything better, and so this generous railroad gives them all they ask—nothing!

A DISGUSTED CITIZEN.

[COMMUNICATED[

A PLAIN STATEMENT

EDITOR THE TRANSCRIPT:—The sentiment herein expressed to-wit: "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise" was forcibly demonstrated in our town election last Saturday. "They have killed the goose that laid the golden egg". There is not a bigger hearted more public spirited man in Townsend or any other town for that matter than the Hon. W. A. Scott. When anyone is in sore distress, when anyone wants a favor, when anyone wants advice, when any of our young people leave home to career their fortune in some distant field and desire a letter of recommendation, all of these classes instinctively turn to Mr. Scott, and they always get what they desire. One young woman who sought a position in the city remarked to the writer. Mr. Scott gave me such a nice letter that I almost hesitated to use it, and I am sure that letter was the thing that brought success to me. After a long aud faithful service Mr. Scott retires from the town board. He has done his work well and faithfully, and deserves a vote of thanks from the town's people. It was the Rif-Roff of our town that was up against him. These Rif-Roff politicians were campaigning for two weeks befor the election explaining to the unwary that Mr. Scott desired to unload on them fire protection and that would increase their taxes. As a matter of fact these people do not seem to realize that insurance rates are always high in towns that are without fire protection.

DEFACTOR.

Townsend, Del., April 6th, 1915.

Base-ball at Odessa

The Odessa Athletic Club opened the season of 1915 on Saturday last by easily defeating the Penlyn Hall Club, of Wilmington the score being 9 to 2. Mr. Frank Pool had the honor and privilege of throwing out the first ball, but declined making a speech, although calls were made. Mowbray was on the mound for the visitors, but was taken out in the seventh for Downs. Downs lasted part of the inning, Snyder taking his place. Carrow for the locals pitched a steady game from the start, and Heldmyer starred at the bat by securing a home run and a two bagger. Wiest at second could be found as usual all over the field and accepted every chance. Wallace at back stop and "Bill" Ward at third as well as P. Wallace in centre field were in the game every minute. The score by innings:

Penlyn Hall	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0—2
Odessa	0	0	4	0	1	0	4	0	x—9

Umpires—Pennington and Stevens.

ODESSA

Mrs. John Heldmyer is the guest of Philadelphia friends.

Miss Catherine Whittock is the guest of friends in Greenville, this week.

Mrs. G. L. Coppage has returned from a visit with her son in Wilmington.

Miss Mary C. Staats is spending part of this week with friends in Wilmington.

Rev. J. T. Price, of Blades, visited Rev. H. C. Shipley and family part of last week.

Dr. and Mrs. Deur left this week for Wilmington, where they will spend some time.

Miss Helen Watkins has been visiting her cousin Miss Lillian Humphreys, in Claymont, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Muehberger, of Philadelphia, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Muehberger this week.

Mrs. Joseph Enos and Miss May C. Enos represented the St. Pauls M. E. Sunday School at the Convention held in Wilmington last week.

Preparations are being made for the Children's Day Service at Drawyers Presbyterian Church, to be held the last Sunday evening in May.

Epworth League Service next Sunday evening, at St. Pauls M. E. Church, will be in charge of Miss Lillian Hurd. All are very cordially invited to attend.

The Ladies Home and Foreign Missionary Society were entertained at the home of Mrs. George Whittock, near town, on Wednesday afternoon of this week.

TOWNSEND

Miss Mary Cochran spent part of last week as the guest of Mrs. J. C. Hart.

Perry Othoson and family, of Sassafras, Md., visited A. Lyman and family Sunday.

The New Shirt and Overall factory belonging to Edward Graves is completed and running full force.

Mrs. Alice Larrimore and daughter, of Philadelphia, and Miss Emily Cavendar, of Baltimore, are spending some time in town.

Mrs. Samuel Watts while apparently in good health was stricken Friday afternoon with paralysis and is in a critical condition.

Magistrate John D. Carter has been re-appointed Justice of the Peace and Notary Public by Governor Miller for a term of four years.

Mrs. Carleton MacSorley and sons, of Wilmington, and James Wilson, and wife of Smyrna, Frank Reynolds, of Wilmington, were Sunday guests with relatives here.

During the summer months Sabbath School will be held in the morning at 10 o'clock. Preaching service at 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday morning class at nine o'clock, John Atwell leader.

L. L. Maloney who was assistant treasurer of the Security Trust and Safe Deposit Company of Wilmington, by the bank directors has been promoted treasurer through the resignation of L. Scott Townsend.

PORT PENN

Mrs. Harry Conard has opened an ice cream parlor at her home on Main St.

Mrs. Serick Fleming is entertaing her mother Mrs Annie Johnson, of Wilmington.

Miss Mildred Bendler was an over Sunday visitor with Mrs. Joe Wright, at Richardson Park.

Mrs. George Lockerman, of Camden, N. J., was an over Sunday visitor with her parents, Samuel Kershaw and wife.

Mrs. Walter Yearsley and children, left town on Saturday for several weeks' visit with friends and relatives in Baltimore, and Trappe, Md.

Sunday morning services in the M. E. Church were devoted to the Sunday School work. The pastor Rev. Cooke attended the Convention in Wilmington and had a very interesting report. In the evening he gave a temperance talk.

As next Sunday is observed as Mothers Day, all mothers are invited to be present at the services held in the Presbyterian Church. Dr. Milligan will preach especially to mothers and Mrs. William McMullin and class have made arrangements to care for all the babies during the service. Dr. Milligan will also remain over for the Christian Endeavor and will have charge of that meeting.

The
Garden of Fashion

Spring Styles in Full Bloom. Come in and pick them now while they are new and fresh.

The Best Styles
The Newest Prices
The Modern Prices
The Reliable Qualities

all make this the place to come and get what every Man and Boy is looking for.

New Spring Suits, $8 to $30
New Straw Hats, $1 to $5
New Low Shoes $3 to $6
New Spring Shirts, $1 to $5
New Silk Ties, 25c to $1.50
New Thin Underwear, 50c to $2.50

and everything else for Men and Boys, Young Men and Little Boys and we will save you money by selling you good goods.

MULLIN'S BIG HOME STORE
WILMINGTCN

The Knocker's Creed

I believe that nothing is right. I believe that everything is wrong. I believe that I alone have the right idea. The town is wrong, the people are wrong, the editor is wrong, the teachers are wrong, the things they are doing are wrong and they are doing them in the wrong way anyhow. I believe I could fix things if they would let me. If they don't I will get a lot of other fellows like myself and we will have a law passed to make others do things the way we want them done.

I do not believe that the town ought to grow. It is too big now. I believe in fighting every public improvement and in spoiling everybody's pleasure. I am always to the front in opposing things and never yet have I advanced an idea or supported a movement that would make people happier or add to the pleasure of man, woman or child. I am opposed to fun and am happiest at a funeral. I believe in starting reforms that will take all the joy out of life. It's a sad world and I am glad of it. Amen.

PAID LOCAL ADS.

FOR SALE—Wagons and Dearborns.
J. C. GREEN.

FOR SALE—Fresh and Salt Fish at all times. W. C. JONES.

FOR SALE—The best steak, roasts, lamb and veal W. C. JONES.

Dr. Warren S. P. Combs Dentist. Successor to the late Dr. J. C. Stites.

FOR SALE.—Cabbage, Tomato, egg and pepper plants.
A. W. TATMAN.

HIDES WANTED—The highest cash prices paid for horse and cow hides.
W. C. JONES.

We now have stored under cove NUT SIZE COKE for cooking purposes. JESSE L. SHEPHERD.

For the neatest and best cleaning of your Spring Straws, Panamas and Felt Hats, apply to F. D. PINDER.

FOR SALE—2,000 seven-foot Chestnut Posts, $8 per 100.
FRANK S. CLAYTON,
Chesapeake City, Md.

HAY FOR SALE.—Cattle and colts pastured. Ready May 1st.
ROBERT S. CARPENTER,
Port Penn, Del.

FOR SALE—Electric Auto Horns, 1 Newtone Superior $5.00, 1 Moon Vibrator $3.00.
DR. J. ALLEN JOHNSON.

ALL KINDS of FERTILIZER stored in our warehouses by BAG or TON for immediate delivery.
Phone 5. JESSE L. SHEPHERD.

HIGH GRADE LEHIGH pea, nut, stove and egg coal always on hand and UNDER COVER. BEST GRADE GEORGES CREEK soft coal.
Phone 5. JESSE L. SHEPHERD.

FOR SALE—Seed Oats, Genuine Maine Grown Seed Potatoes shipped direct from Maine in Eastman Heater Cars to Middletown, Del.
Phone 5. JESSE L. SHEPHERD.

FOR SALE.—200,000 herring at Bohemia Bridge, Md., at $4 per 1,000 delivered from 8 to 11 o'clock A. M., each day, come quick if you want them. Phone 8 L Cecilton.
L. V. KIRK.

FARMERS—Your Lime orders are now in season. We offer Run Kiln, Pulverized, Hydrated and Ground Limestone. Highest Carbonate. Lowest prices. Prompt shipments.
JESSE L. SHEPHERD.

PLANTS FOR SALE—Tomato plants ponderosa and Earliana; egg plants; pepper plants, hot and sweet; cauliflower plants; cellery plants; cabbage plants, early and late. FLOWER PLANTS.—Asters, pink, purple, white; scarlet sage; chrysanthemum plants. Mail Orders Receive Prompt Attention
A. K. HOPKINS.

WANTED—Insurance agents—We insure men's wages against loss by accident or illness. Monthly payment plan, $100,000 capital. Agents, superintendents wanted.
EQUITABLE ACCIDENT CO.,
H. W. COREY, MANAGER,
150 Nassau St., New York City, N. Y.

WARWICK

Miss Mame Merritt spent Monday in Kennett Square.

Mr. Raymond Garwood is visiting her parents in Philadelphia.

The sewing circle met at the home of Mrs. John Banks on Wednesday.

Preaching Sunday evening at 7.30. Christian Endeavor at 7 o'clock. All are welcome.

Mr. F. Bernard, Jr., of Kennett Square, Pa., was a week-end guest of Miss Mame Merritt.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pyle spent Sunday with her mother Mrs. Heavelow, near Earleville.

Mrs. Edward Armstrong, of near McDonough, spent one day last week with her mother Mrs. Benjamin Hall.

Miss Stella Bishop, of St. Augustine, Md., spent Saturday and Sunday with her sister Mrs. R. B. Merritt, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Merritt, Sr., spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Wilson, near Cecilton. In the afternoon the party motored to Chestertown Md.

Mrs. V. L. Vinyard, Mrs. Mary Lofland, Miss Eula Vinyard, and Mr. T. B. Vinyard all of Warwick and Mr. William Lofland, of Philadelphia, spent Saturday and Sunday in Houston.

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Merritt and children were Philadelphia visitors from Friday until Sunday. Mr. A. R. Mer-Merritt attended the banquet held by the Maxwell dealers at Hotel Adelphia on Friday.

YOU CAN WASH OUR WASH GOODS

OUR WASH GOODS, BOTH MADE UP AND IN BOLT, ARE DELICATE AND DAINTY, JUST AS WOMEN LOVE FOR THEM TO BE; YET THEY WILL STAND THE WEAR OF THE WASH TUB.

WE PRICE OUR WASH GOODS AS LOW AS WE CAN FOR THE EXQUISITE QUALITY WE GIVE.

OUR STORE IS THE PLACE FOR YOUR WASH GOODS AND EVERYTHING ELSE YOU NEED. COME SEE.

J. B. Messick
MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE

A HEARTY MEAL

or a light luncheon, or a delicious supper, with the food cooked to just suit your taste, amid refined surroundings, may be obtained at The White Cafe. One visit will make you a regular customer, as we give the best of food and service.

Next door to Peoples Bank
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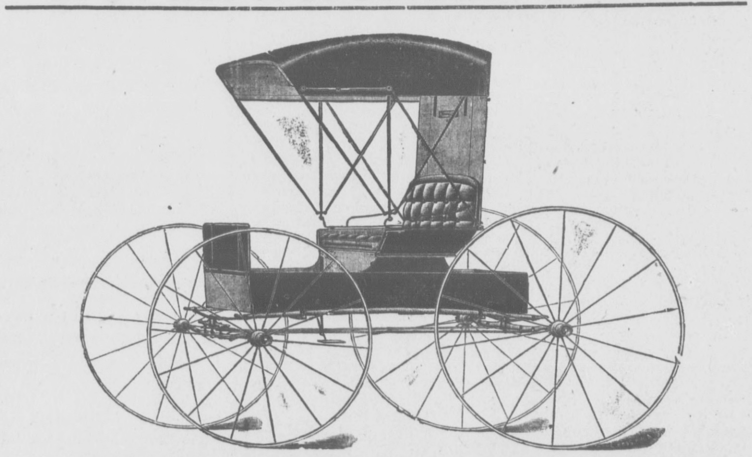
Lump Barrell Lime For
White Washing
in large or small quantities SPECIAL price to dealers.
Short & Walls Lumber Co
MIDDLETOWN, - DELAWARE.

J. F. McWHORTER & SON



All the best makes of High and Medium grade Carriages in stock at all times.

J. F. McWHORTER & SON
MIDDLETOWN, - - DELAWARE.

Banning's
"Pure Food Store"

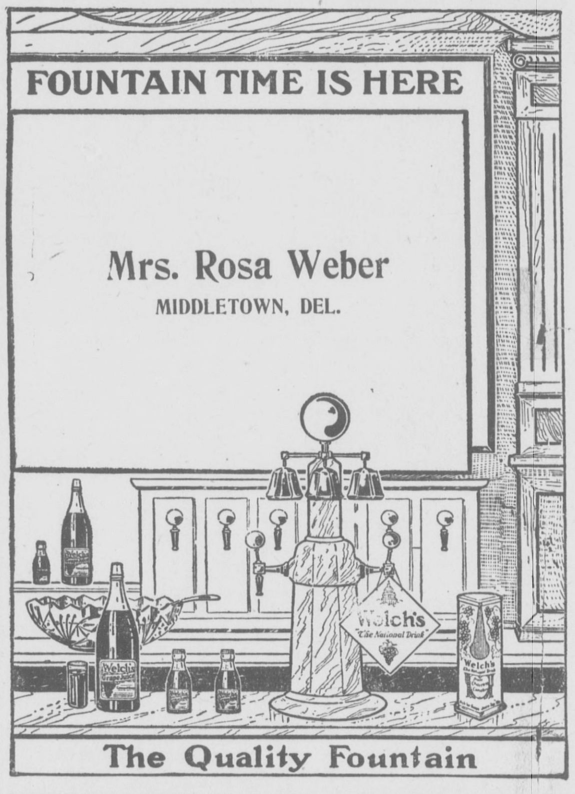
Cereals! Cereals! Cereals!

Note a few from our Big List of Cereals:—from the Quaker Oats Co., **Quaker Oats, Mother Oats, Puffed Wheat, Puffed Rice, Wheat Hearts, Corn Puffs, Cream of Wheat, Wheatena; National Oats; Shredded Wheat, Wheat Biscuits; Kellogg's Toasted Wheat, Toasted Corn Flakes; Post's Toasties, Grape Nuts, Post Tavern; Hotel Astor Rices, White Head** and **Granulated,** never sold loose, always in sanitary packages.

Sunbeam Corn Flakes

But we have also new things—better things in the Cereal way, for we are the sole agents in Middletown for the **Sunbeam Corn Flakes,** made by Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc., the biggest grocers in the world. Everybody knows about the delicious Corn Flakes out now for some while. Well, here's the Sunbeam brand, a bigger package than any other, weighs 1 to 2 ounces more, but sells for less money, 9c, 3 for 25c! That's 25 per cent. cheaper than any others!

M. Banning & Son
Middletown, Del.



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MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

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1. Our new equipted sanitary market.
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3. Honest weight guaranteed.
4. The best grades of Beef, Pork, Lamb, Veal, etc., at modern prices.

Isn't this interesting to you. Who is responsible for the changes that are being conducted in your town, meat markets especially. Do you appreciate a store that can give you these facts, if so stop in or phone us your next order. Thanking you in advance for your patronage.
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